

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, Publishing Agent.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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THE BUGLE.

Benjamin Franklin on Slavery and the Slave Trade.

The National Era, in its "Southern Platform," has the following essay which was communicated by Dr. Franklin, to the Federal Gazette, of March 25th, 1790. It is a satire of a speech delivered in Congress, by a Mr. Jackson of Georgia, in defence of slavery and the slave trade. Old as it is, it is not yet out of date. The Georgian has legitimate descendants in Congress, at this day.

MARCH 23, 1790.*

To the Editor of the Federal Gazette:

SIR: Reading last night your excellent paper the speech of Mr. Jackson, in Congress, against their meddling with the affair of slavery, or attempting to mend the condition of the slaves, it put me in mind of a similar one made about one hundred years since, by Sidi Mehemet Ibrahim, a member of the Divan of Algiers, which may be seen in Martin's account of his consulship, anno 1687. It was against granting the petition of the sect called *Erika*, or *Purists*, who prayed for the abolition of piracy and slavery, as being unjust. Mr. Jackson does not quote it; perhaps he has not seen it. If, therefore, some of its reasonings are to be found in his eloquent speech, it may only show that men's interests and intellects operate and are operated on with surprising similarity in all countries and climates, whenever they are under similar circumstances. The *African's* speech, as translated, is as follows:

"Allah Bismillah, &c. God is great, and Mahomet is his Prophet."

"Have these *Erika* considered the consequences of granting their petition? If we cease our cruises against the Christian, how shall we be furnished with the commodities their countries produce, and which are so necessary for us? If we forbear to make slaves of their people, who, in this hot climate, are to cultivate our lands? Who are to perform the common labors of our city and in our families? Must we not, then, be our own slaves? And is there not more compassion and more favor due to us, as Mussulmen, than to these Christian dogs? We have now above fifty thousand slaves in and near Algiers. This number, if not kept up by fresh supplies, will soon diminish, and be gradually annihilated. If we then cease taking and plundering the infidel ships, and making slaves of the seamen and passengers, our lands will become of no value, for want of cultivation; the rents of houses in the city will sink one half; and the revenue of Government, arising from its share of prizes, be totally destroyed! And for what? To gratify the whims of a whimsical sect, who would have us not only forbear making more slaves, but even manumit those we have."

"But who is to indemnify their masters for the loss? Will the State do it? Is our Treasury sufficient? Will the *Erika* do it? Can they do it? Or would they, to do what they think justice to the slaves, do a greater injustice to the owners? And if we set our slaves free, what is to be done with them? Few of them will return to their countries; they know too well the greater hardships they must there be subject to; they will not embrace our holy religion; they will not adopt our manners; our people will not pollute themselves by intermarrying with them. Must we maintain them as beggars in our streets or suffer our properties to be the prey of their pillage? For men accustomed to slavery will not work for a livelihood, when not compelled. And what is there so pitiable in their present condition? Were they not slaves in their own countries?"

"Are not Spain, Portugal, France, and the Italian States, governed by despots, who hold all their subjects in slavery, without exception? Even England treats its sailors as slaves, for they are, whenever the Government pleases, seized, and confined in ships of war, condemned not only to work, but to fight, for small wages, or a mere subsistence, not better than our slaves are allowed by us. Is their condition, then, made worse by their falling into our hands? No; they have only exchanged one slavery for another, and, I may say, a better—here they are brought into a land where the sun of Islamism gives forth its light, and shines in full splendor, and they have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the true doctrine, and thereby saving their immortal souls. Those who remain at home have not that happiness. Sending the slaves home, then, would be sending them out of light into darkness."

"I repeat the question, What is to be done with them? I have heard it suggested that they may be planted in the wilderness, where there is plenty of land for them to subsist on, and where they may flourish as a free State; but they are, I doubt, too little disposed to labor without compulsion, as well as too ignorant to establish a good Government; and the wild Arabs would soon molest and destroy or again enslave them. While serving us, we take care to provide them with everything, and they are treated with humanity. The laborers in their own country are, as I am well informed, worse fed, lodged, and clothed. The condition of most of them is, therefore, already mended, and requires no further improvement. Here their lives are in safety. They are not liable to be impressed for soldiers, and forced to cut one another's Christian throats, as in the wars of their own countries. If some of the religious mad bigots, who now tease us with their silly petitions, have, in a fit of blind zeal, freed their slaves, it was not generosity, it was not humanity, that moved them to the action—it was from a conscious burden of a load of sins, and a hope, from the supposed merits of so good a work, to be excused from damnation."

"How grossly are they mistaken to suppose slavery to be disallowed by the Alcoran!—Are not the two precepts, to quote no more, 'Masters, treat your slaves with kindness; Slaves, serve your masters with cheerfulness and fidelity,' clear proofs to the contrary? Nor can the plundering of Infidels be in that sacred book forbidden, since it is well known from it, that God has given the world, and all that it contains, to his faithful Mussulmen, who are to enjoy it of right, as fast as they conquer it. Let us, then, hear no more of this detestable proposition, the adoption of which would, by depreciating our lands, and houses, and thereby depriving so many good citizens of their properties, create universal discontent, and provoke insurrections, to the endangering of Government, and producing general confusion. I have, therefore, no doubt, but this wise council will prefer the comfort and happiness of a whole nation of true believers, to the whim of a few *Erika*, and dismiss their petition."

The result was, as Martin tells us, that the Divan came to this resolution: "The doctrine, that plundering and enslaving the Christians is unjust, is, at best, *probable*; but that it is the interest of this State to continue the practice, is clear; therefore, let the petition be rejected."

And it was rejected accordingly. And since like motives are apt to produce in the minds of men like opinions and resolutions, may we not, Mr. Brown, venture to predict, from this account, that the petitions to the Parliament of England for abolishing the slave trade, to say nothing of other Legislatures, and the debates upon them, will have a similar conclusion?

I am, sir, your constant reader, and humble servant,
Historicus.

From the Christian Press.
Slaveholding Religion—Letter from Samuel Lewis.

BROTHER BRYSTON:—I learn that some of your brother editors refused credit to the brief account I gave you of a sale of a woman and child to a trader by a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is unpleasant for me to write articles for papers. It is not in my line; and especially is it unpleasant to speak of wicked practices in a church where I have been a member for forty-five out of fifty-four years of my life. I would far more willingly, if the cause of truth and justice would allow, take a covering and walking backwards throw it over the sin, and hide it at once from my eyes and the eyes of the world.

But the healthy portion of the Christian church should know what outrages are perpetrated within her pale, and with her sanction; and it has therefore become my duty to write the following statement, which you may use as your judgement may suggest. No disrespect is intended toward any of the parties named. All except Brady are my acquaintances, and they have treated me with the usual courtesies of society. Mr. D. lives up to the highest church standard around him; and his error is that he allows the church to form his Christian standard, instead of forming it himself, from the Bible.

Mr. D., a prominent lawyer, and member of the M. E. Church, resides in Kingwood, Preston county, Virginia. He purchased a slave woman and infant child for \$800, to wait on a most amiable and excellent wife. The difficulty of hiring good help was the reason assigned for the purchase. Not long after the purchase, say one or two years, his wife died; and some months after her death Mr. D. sold the slave woman and child to a slave-trader named Brady, a man well known in Virginia, of great industry, and an extensive dealer in slaves. The price was \$800. The woman and child were taken away to market, she leaving other children in the neighborhood.

The class leader of Mr. D., a most excellent man and devoted Christian, informed me that this act of Mr. D. had been submitted to a committee, according to the rules of our church, and the committee had found nothing in the transaction that violated our discipline.

There the matter rests, and with all other cases of the kind more or less aggravated must rest so long as our discipline remains as it is now.

I repeat that all the persons in any way connected with the affair, including Mr. D., the preacher, and committee, are men of the first standing, and would be the last persons to do what they suppose essentially wrong. But the law allows the slave trade and our members in the slave States find nothing in our discipline against occasional trading in such property by church members.

It is proper for me to say the great majority of our church, especially in the free States, believe such dealing to be sin; and many would so construe the rules of our body. But in slave States, church members can find

always, sufficient excuse for such trading with impunity, without in any way affecting their social or religious standing.

It should also be noticed that an increasing number of clergy, laity, and conferences among us are being undeceived about the humbug of holding slaves for their good, and are demanding our rule to be so altered as to exclude slaveholders altogether. When the church shall adopt such a rule, slavery must cease, for with all her defects the church has still a moral power that can put down that "sum of all villainies," American slavery.

May that day soon come, is the prayer of your brother,
SAM'L LEWIS.

The Political Present.

The N. Y. Daily Tribune, of June 28th, contains an article entitled "The Past—The Future." Under the first head, it briefly condenses the triumph of the South, and the humiliating submission of the North, since the admission of Texas till the present.

We quote what he has to say on the last, under the more appropriate head of the present. General Pierce is in good faith, redeeming his pledges to slavery. Heretofore our countrymen have professed, whatever their practices at home, to be the friends of freedom abroad. Henceforth a marked feature of our foreign policy, is the perpetuation of human bondage wherever it exists abroad. The gentleness of our professions of liberty, will soon be rightfully appreciated by all nations.

The Tribune says: Having thus surveyed the ground mutually occupied down to the present year, let us see where we now stand.

Gen. Pierce was elected, and proceeded to form a Cabinet, composed of six early friends of the Compromise and one Southern opponent. Col. Jeff. Davis had condemned Gen. Cass's Nicholson doctrine, even while supporting the author for President, against his own father-in-law, Gen. Taylor; declaring that he could assent to no proposition which did not secure to the South a full, clear and indefeasible right to take slaves into all parts of the New Territories. On this ground he fought as U. S. Senator the Compromise through, voting only for the Fugitive Slave Law, and resigning his seat to go home and stump Mississippi as anti-Compromise candidate for Governor. Beaten in the canvass by Gen. Foote, who was backed by one-fifth of the Democrats and nineteen-twentieths of the Whigs, Col. Davis remained thenceforth in private life until Gen. Pierce called him into his Cabinet, an unrepentant adversary of the Compromise.

Gen. Dix was pressed for a place in the Cabinet on the part of the Free Soil Democracy of other days, but he was deemed ineligible and rejected, though recently a supporter of "the Adjustment." And it is now understood that the French Mission promised him by Gen. Pierce, is to be withheld, although Soule, Gadsden, Borland, Meade and other bitter Southern opponents of the Compromise have received Diplomatic appointments, and several more such have been inducted into the most lucrative Consulates. In no case does the fact that a politician has fought the Compromise on the side of Slavery appear to bar his promotion, but the contrary; nor is he required to repudiate nor repeat of such hostility. But whenever a Barnburner of 1848 aspires to a place under the Federal Administration, he is required to renounce his Free Soil principles or prove that he never had any.

Thus, *The Union*, defending the appointment of Barnburners by Gen. Pierce, charges Senator Bell with falsehood in assuming that they are still Free-Soilers, saying:

"He assumes that Gen. Pierce has appointed 'Free Soilers' to public trusts, and he would make the impression that these appointees are still Free-Soilers. But the assumption is untrue. The 'Free-Soilers' of 1848 renounced their Free-Soilism in 1852, when they adopted and came upon the Compromise platform. Mr. Bell knew this fact, and yet he had not the magnanimity to state it. He chose to make a false impression by stating only a part of the truth of the case, and by that means to obtain a party advantage. The Democrats of Tennessee would promptly repudiate Gen. Pierce if he had brought 'Free Soilers,' with their Free Soil sentiments still clinging to them, into the public offices. They know that he has been guilty of no such act of bad faith."

But is there any corresponding requisition that a Southern anti-Compromiser shall renounce his 'State Rights' faith in order to bring him within the range of promotion? Nothing like it! There is not a single leading Southern journal of the 'State Rights' school which professes to have repented of its opposition to the Compromise. On the contrary, the spirit in which they regard that legislation is very fairly exhibited in the following letter to a leading Virginia organ of the school, dated:

"WASHINGTON, June 20, 1853.

Editor South Side Democrat: The present state of things here is quite suggestive.

"The President seeks to reconcile extremes by favors, while *The Union*, his organ, is sedulously engaged in eulogizing the Compromise, the abomination of both. The organ shows very little tact in this, for while the President builds up, the organ pulls down. If the President approves this, then he, also, is building card-houses. Laud the Platform and let the Compromise alone, would be the true policy; one extreme at least would be pleased—the Southern; but the Platform is committed to the only feature in the Compromise for which the Southern ultras voted. He has acquiesced in, or sub-

mitted to, the objectionable features, and he does not like to be continually reminded of it. Do you not feel somewhat degraded that your school is always spoken of as a wing of the party, and that, too, in connection with the other, or free soil wing? I had supposed that the State Rights division composed the body of the Democratic party South. The Compromise men themselves see now that they have given away a vast domain for nothing, and circumscribed themselves in such a way as to make their future fate inevitable. What is the difference now between a Southern Compromise man and an ultra? Both were defending the same garrison; one, in despair, was willing to capitulate—the other was for holding out until every man was put to the sword, believing that preferable to a slow death. The advice of the first prevailed, and the keys were delivered up. The gallant ultra, however, was not to be slighted, for he had the sympathies of his people. A reconciliation, or a show of it, was absolutely necessary; for there could be no general organ without it."

Thus, you see the Southern ultras, instead of regarding their hostility to the Compromise as something to be recanted, concealed or apologized for, avow it, glory in it, and regard themselves as the very salt of the Democracy and in the South its substance. Accordingly, they have taken possession of the Democratic reorganization in most Southern States; have nominated candidates for Governor, &c. in Georgia and Mississippi; and, being backed by a seat in the Cabinet and armed with the great mass of the Federal patronage at the South, regard the Administration as their property, and bestow a few subordinate places on their Union or Compromise brethren, as you might throw a bone to a beggar.

The attitude of the Federal Administration on all questions involving the extension and fortification of Slavery, is unequivocal. Messrs. Soule, Buchanan and Gadsden are sent to Madrid, London and Mexico respectively, with the clear understanding that they are to do their utmost, first, to effect a transfer of Cuba to this country as a new bulwark to Slavery; or, secondly, to resist and thwart all efforts looking to the Emancipation, immediate or otherwise, of the Half Million Africans held in cruel bondage in that Island. The land of Washington and Jefferson has become the only Nation on the face of the earth that intermeddles with the policy of Foreign States expressly to perpetuate the slavery and degradation of man by man. The Editorial columns of the Administration are prostrated to eulogiums on the Russian Autocrat and arguments in favor of a lively sympathy between our Government and that of Russia, on the avowed ground of the freedom of the latter from "fanaticism" or any sort of prejudice against Slavery.

The following extract from *The Union's* steady and ocular leader of last Saturday, glorifying the new President's Foreign Policy, is a specimen of the perpetual assumption in that quarter, that the support and perpetuation of slavery is regarded by the Executive as the chief end of our Federal existence:

"We have alluded lately to one of these questions, growing out of the rumored policy of Great Britain in regard to Cuba," which stands out at this time with imposing prominence. If the public rumors which attribute to Great Britain a design, in connexion with Spain, to convert Cuba into a government of free blacks, shall prove to be well-founded, the high position taken by the Executive will be put to a severe trial," &c. &c.

To the same effect, a Washington letter-writer, high in the councils of "the Democracy," thus expatiates: "The demonstrations in favor of Mrs. Uncle Tom, added to the rumors of British designs for the abolition of slavery in Cuba, are already considered as an adequate justification of the proposition for our Government to take the initiative in the war impending by the immediate seizure of Cuba."

The attitude of the Federal Administration is emboldening the Southern ultras to profess new and unheard of exactions. It is now distinctly proclaimed that NEBRASKA, a territory consecrated to freedom by the Missouri Compromise more than thirty years ago, must be surrendered to Slavery! Mr. Senator ATCHESON recently made a speech at Weston, on the western verge of Missouri, wherein he explained his resistance last winter to the recognition of Nebraska as a territory as follows:

"He had told Mr. Guthrie that, considering the circumstances under which he was sent to Washington, he would not be received as a Delegate; that treaties would have to be made with the Indians before any political organization of white men could be tolerated in that Territory; and that even then he (Mr. A.) would not consent to the organization of that Territory unless all the citizens of Missouri, and of the Union, should have the privilege of settling there upon a basis of common equality. He (Mr. A.) would not vote for the organization of that Territory if the Wilcox Provision, or any other proviso of that character, should be engrained upon it. He would vote for extinguishing the Indian title to that Territory, but never to exclude any citizen of the United States from settling there. Can any one say as much for Col. Benton?"

All which means—"No organization of Nebraska or any similar territory until the North shall consent to surrender to Slavery 'what our fathers expressly consecrated to Freedom.' Are we ready for this?" These novel exactions from the South are of course paralleled by corresponding abasements at the North. Thus a nameless oracle of faction in this City, supported by contributions levied on office-seekers and non-nationally edited by a noisy Free Soiler in 1848, thus blazens its own recency and infamy in a leader entitled

"THE ADMINISTRATION PARTY IN NEW-YORK."

"The whole American press, Whig and Democratic, East, West, North and South,

is quite universally engaged in discussing the politics of this State. What is to be the future action of that faction which has figured somewhat extensively under the general cognomen of Barnburner? Will it stand by the Compromise, or the Fugitive Slave Law?—More territory appears to be inevitably approaching the orbit of our Union; soil which will, probably, for some time, be governed as territory and not as States. Will the Barnburner faction now consent that the South shall have an equal participation in the benefits of territorial acquisitions? Or will they cry out again, 'No more slave territory?' and seek, through popular and Congressional agitation, to shut out the South from what ever new fields may be acquired? Are we to live in perpetual dread that the fires of fanaticism are not quenched, but only smolder beneath the hypocritical surface of what a distinguished leader of the faction denominates 'acquiescence'?"

"To fail on any of these points will be an act of rebellion against the present Administration; and it will, we are confident, be so regarded by the Executive."

—Here it is distinctly laid down that resistance to the extension of Slavery into any Free Territory which may hereafter be acquired by our Government is to be regarded and treated as treachery to the Platform and hostility to the National Administration!—And this fulmination, contemptible as it is, source, derives importance from the course of affairs at Washington and throughout the South. To resist the establishment of Slavery, under whatever circumstances, is held in powerful quarters to be a factious plotting against the National Democracy and its Executive.

How far shall this be allowed to proceed without encountering resistance? Has the spirit of devotion to Liberty died out of the Free States? Or will the time never come when its dictates may be proudly and properly obeyed? Why should not our State Legislature, while acquiescing in whatever has been wisely done in the past, distinctly indicate the boundaries of such action, and renounce that hostility to Slavery Extension which has ever been a cardinal principle of New-York? Is it not high time to protest against the intermeddling of our Federal Government in the affairs of Foreign States for the perpetuation of Human Bondage therein? How long shall our silence arm and embolden the deadly adversaries of the principles of '76 and of the inalienable Rights of Man?

From the Friend of India, Feb. 10.

Slavery in Travancore.

Among the many subjects which will not be pressed upon the attention of Parliament in the inquiry now proceeding, is the extent to which Slavery still exists in India. It appears to be taken for granted, that because the institution is not recognized within the British dominions, and no one can pursue a runaway, it has ceased to exist in all the countries under our control, and that our duty in this respect has been performed. The *Bombay Guardian* has called attention to the extent to which it exists, even within the regulation Provinces, but in those districts it is not recognized by the authorities, and it would appear to be a rather harsher form of pauper servitude than actual Slavery. The cases are widely different in some of the tributary Provinces of Southern India, where Slavery exists in a form, only to be distinguished from that of North America, by the fact that instead of food and clothing, a pittance, the maximum of which is equal to one-third the wages of a freeman, is given to the slave, and that his sufferings are not aggravated by communion with a powerful and civilized race. We publish the details which have reached us, in the hope that they will produce communications displaying the whole extent of the evil.

In Travancore, especially, the "Paradise of the Holy," under the immediate eye of Gen. Cullen, Slavery assumes its most repulsive form. The population of that State in 1836, the date of the last census taken, amounted to 1,200,000, of whom rather more than twelve per cent, or 164,861 were slaves in every sense of the word. They are divided into four castes: Pariah, 38,625; Pulavar, 90,738; Corwar, 31,891; Pallar, 3,750. These are again divided into three classes: house slaves, private field slaves, and Government slaves, of these, the first class, as a matter of course, are the most leniently treated, they are generally of the same caste as their masters, who purchase them in infancy and their bondage though hereditary, is alleviated by the prospect of freedom under certain conditions. This class, however, is much more limited than the field slaves, who, especially in the rice-growing districts, are exceedingly numerous. They are worked harder than the free laborers, receive a pittance which is barely sufficient to preserve animal life, and are frequently cruelly treated; for, although the law nominally protects their persons, it is almost impossible for them, from ignorance, extreme poverty, and the intrigues of their masters, to set it in action. Even their degraded condition, however, is better than that of the Government slaves, for they are permitted to purchase their freedom. Should they, however, lose the warrant of manumission, they are at any moment liable to be seized by the agents of the Government and again reduced to bondage, with all their descendants. It is, therefore, the custom for the sale to be made to some third party, in whom the slave can confide, and who will allow him perfect liberty, while retaining the nominal rights of a master, he prevents the Government from exercising them. If a slave of this class marries a free woman, as sometimes occurs, the children are free, but if a freeman marries a slave, the children belong to the proprietor of the mother. The Government slaves, on the contrary, it would appear, cannot purchase their freedom, though, like the serfs in Russia, they are occasionally allowed permission to work for themselves upon payment of a

monthly fee. A still more frequent practice is to let them out at a stipulated payment, and the slave masters again, illegally, sell them, and each transfer conveys an absolute right over the slave's labor. As a matter of course, the last owner having to pay the Government tax, and the middle man's profit, and to keep the slave alive, and do all this where human labor is almost a drug, woe to his unhappy purchase as nearly to death as he dare venture. In one respect, indeed, the slave in North America is in the better position of the two; he is at least fed and clothed in his old age, has a room of some kind to cover him, and may linger on for years, a mere burthen upon his master's estate. In Travancore, there is no provision of the kind. The slave lives through a life of unpaid toil, on scanty food, in which even the Bengalee but is a mansion, and if he survives to old age, is turned out to beg of men as wretched as himself, or starve.

In 1849, it is understood, the Madras Government, moved by the tales which reached its members of the deep degradation of this class, forwarded to the Rajah some remonstrances on the subject, so stringent, that his Highness wavered, and the large slaveholders became alarmed; they went in a body to Travancore, and represented to the Rajah, in unusually free language, the consequences which must result from his interference. They declared that if the slaves were paid, they would refuse to work, that the rich cultivation must perish, and the land would be in danger of a famine. The argument is precisely that of the American slave-owners, and of the Jamaica planters, but the Rajah, a kind hearted, but indolent man, was alarmed, and the efforts of the Madras Government were of no avail. At the same time the missionaries of Travancore forwarded a formal address to the resident, praying that he would forward to the Rajah a memorial in their behalf, representing the extreme suffering and degradation to which his subjects were exposed. The correspondence was subsequently published in *The Christian Witness*, and from it a few of our facts are taken, but we reproduce below General Cullen's reply, as that journal is not one which the majority of our readers are likely to have seen.

To Rev. C. MAULT, and the Members of the Church and London Missionary Societies in Travancore.

"REVEREND GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th of March last, with its enclosure, the address to his Highness the Rajah, on the subject of Slavery in Travancore, which was duly submitted to his Highness. And I have now the pleasure to transmit a copy of the letter from the acting Dewan, communicating his Highness the Rajah's sentiments on this important question. I need scarcely add that the subject of emancipation shall receive every support in my power."

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Signed),
W. CULLEN, Resident,
Resident's Office, on Circuit Quilon,
June 2, 1847.

"TRAVANCORE, June 1, 1847.
"RESPECTED SIR: With reference to an address from the reverend missionaries of Travancore to his Highness the Rajah, under date the 19th of March last, which you were pleased to hand over to his Highness, I am directed to request you will be so good as to intimate to those gentlemen that his Highness fully appreciated the feelings which prompted that address, that his Highness cannot but feel deeply interested in the welfare of every class of his subjects, however low may be their condition; and his Highness will be ever disposed to ameliorate, as far as may be practicable, the condition of the class referred to by the reverend gentlemen, by the introduction, from time to time, of improved regulations for their treatment. Emancipation his Highness considers to be too important a question to be entered upon at present, especially as no such measure has yet been introduced, even in the honorable Company's territories; but the amelioration of the condition of the unfortunate classes of the population is a subject which will not fail to engage his Highness' future consideration. I remain, &c.,
(Signed),
V. KRISTNO ROW,
General W. Cullen."

"We have made no exaggerated statements. Volumes might be written on the condition of these classes, and another Mr. Beecher Stowe might find among them material for stories which would as strangely move the people of England as her tale has done; but no records of oppression could call more strongly for the interference of the British Government than the simple fact that hereditary slavery exists as a legalized institution in a Kingdom, which in all else, is absolutely subject to our authority. No interests exist here as in the United States, too powerful for anything but conciliation. The Rajah can abolish unpaid labor by a decree, and to liberate forever a hundred thousand families, would scarcely cost five minutes to the Governor-General. One such letter as that which brought the Nizam to his knees, or frightened the Rajah of Nagpore, would put an end to a system which, if fairly played before Parliament, could not endure an hour."

From the Phenological Journal.

John Pierpont.

Within a year from his entrance into the Cambridge Divinity school, he received an invitation to succeed the celebrated Dr. Holey as pastor of the Hollis-st. Church in Boston. He accepted the call, and was ordained in April, 1849. This was a conspicuous and brilliant position. His predecessor, the Rev. Horace Holey, who had consented to assume the Presidency of Transylvania College in Lexington, Kentucky, was a man of remarkably popular gifts, possessing a power of extemporaneous eloquence seldom equaled, with a commanding personal appearance, and with a bearing and manner in society that were equally impressive and delightful. This fame as a pulpit orator had

* This paper is dated only twenty-four days before the author's death, which happened on the 17th of April following.

extended far and wide. A large and critical congregation had been gathered under his ministry. His successor would naturally become the subject of trying comparisons. Add to this, he was surrounded by associates in the profession, who were inured with a certain leaven of Massachusetts pride and exclusiveness. He was a stranger from Connecticut, a graduate of Yale College, with the advantage of only one year's discipline within the aristocratic walls of Harvard. Nor had he come into the sanctuary through the regular door. His previous career as a lawyer and merchant gave a taint of illegitimacy to his clerical profession, in the daily nostrils of those with whom precedent was of more consequence than practice. He had, moreover, an inconvenient habit of speaking his mind on all occasions—of using "perfect plainness of speech," when a great lover of concealment would have suggested silence—and of paying the least possible deference to an opinion or an institution which had only the prestige of antiquity in its favor. In short, surrounded as he was by so many pretensions and plausible images, he could not refrain from the audacious work of an iconoclast. His course in this respect was an astonishment to those mock Bonapartes with whom "discretion" is always the "better part of valor."

In spite of these obstacles in his path, Mr. Pierpont soon gained an elevated rank among the clergy of Boston. His discourses were replete with original thought, clothed in a highly picturesque and poetic diction. They were often argumentative in character, but always relieved by ingenious and novel illustrations. Avoiding in a great measure abstract and dogmatic theories, they dwelt on topics which came home to the "business and homely" of a popular audience. Free from the threadbare commonplaces of the pulpit, they attracted attention by their boldness of discussion and originality of style. Always earnest, decorous, impressive, they sometimes borrowed the resource of pungent sarcasm and racy humor. Dealing in the broad principles of human nature, deriving suggestions from the current events of the day, and delivered with a fervent and kindling eloquence, they aroused the hearer to reflection and inquiry, while they touched the nobler sympathies of his heart. No public speaker has more thoroughly studied the philosophy of eloquence. The charm of his intonation, and the variety and force of his emphasis, gave a fresh meaning to his reading of the scriptures and of sacred poetry. In extemporaneous efforts, there has seldom been his equal for continuity of thought, freedom of language, and pitiful and pointed illustration.

With the high moral aims which have always characterized his career, Mr. Pierpont used his clerical influence for the promotion of social reform. His labors in behalf of Temperance, Anti-Slavery, the Melioration of Prison Discipline, the Amendment of the Militia System, and other humanitarian objects were abundant and efficient. He threw himself into those movements with peculiar energy and indomitable courage. He never shrunk from their unpopularity. He had no desire to "make friends of the mammoth of unrighteousness." He uttered his convictions in the trumpet-voices of religious earnestness. Every word told. At length the persons who threw by existing abuses took the alarm. They began to quail before the burning eye of the fiery-hearted Reformer. Low mutterings of dissatisfaction were heard. The faces of many old friends were turned against him, and their ancient love waxed cold. "Discontented murmur" was heard "between the porch and the altar," as the undismayed "man of God" lifted up his voice in rebuke of some gigantic iniquity. It was thought an unpardonable audacity that a Christian preacher in a Christian church should speak so boldly of "temperance, righteousness and judgment to come." But as the lurking fire of opposition had not broken out into open flame. At this crisis Mr. Pierpont was attacked with a violent fever. His sufferings were severe and protracted. At last the disease was conquered, but it left him almost a wreck of his former self. In 1835, by the advice of his physicians, he made a voyage to Europe, extended his travels to Constantinople and the ruins of Ephesus, and returned in about eleven months, with renewed energy to the discharge of his official functions.

Soon after his return, the discontent of those who had been aggrieved by his zeal for reform, was manifested in open and violent opposition. A painful controversy between a portion of the parish and the pastor commenced in 1838, which continued for seven years, when a dismission was requested by Mr. Pierpont, who had triumphantly sustained himself against the charge of his adversaries.

His conduct in this protracted controversy was marked by great energy, determination, wisdom. He felt that he was not only contending for personal rights, but for a great moral principle. The freedom of the pulpit was at stake. A blow was struck through him at the right of liberty of thought and of speech in the public teacher of religion. He promptly faced the danger, and faced it manfully. Surrounded by timid friends, who shrunk from contest as an evil in itself—with little sympathy from his professional brethren, who regarded the peace of a parish as the one thing needful—and living in an atmosphere of strong conservative propensities—he was thrown to a great degree on his own resources, and made "to tread the wine-press alone." But not for a moment did he falter in his course. With equal promptness and intrepidity, he met every maneuver of his enemies, until, having fully vindicated his position, he withdrew from a struggle in which a further triumph would have been superfluous.

The spirit in which he dealt with his antagonists will be perceived from the following extract from a reply to the proprietors of the church who had communicated to him a vote that they no longer wished for his services as a pastor:

"And now my brethren, as this may possibly be the last counsel that, as your minister, I may ever have an opportunity to give you, those of you especially, who have been most active in disquieting the sheep of this Christian fold, by your persecution of its shepherd—indulge me, I pray, in one word more of counsel. The time is coming when you will thank me for it; thank me the more heartily, the more promptly you follow it. Desist—I counsel you to desist, from that part of your business which has been the cause of all this unhappy controversy; the cause of your troubles, and of my trials and triumph—for I shall be triumphant at last. Desist from the business that, through the poverty of many, has made you rich—that has put you into

your palaces by driving them through hovels and prisons down into the gates of the grave. Abandon the business that is kindling the fires of hatred upon your own hearthstones, and pouring poison into the veins of your children—yes, and of your children's children, and sending the shriek of delirium through their chambers—the business that is now scourging our good land as pestilence, and war have never scourged it; nay, the business, in prosecuting which you are, even now, carrying a curse to all the continents of the world, and making our country a stench in the nostrils of the nations. I counsel you to stay your hands from this work of destruction, and wash them of this great iniquity, as becomes the disciples of Him who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. As His disciples, I counsel you no longer to absent yourselves from your wonted place of worship, and to return to your allegiance, to your church and to God. Say to your minister, 'well done, good and faithful servant! you have faithfully done the work that you were ordained to do. You have neither spared us nor feared us. You have even wounded us; but faithful are the wounds of a friend. We commend you for your work, and charge you to go on with it, that we may meet together, and rejoice together in the presence of God.'

From the Boston Correspondent

OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.
THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent rebukes the Editors as accessories to Suicide.—He holds out to his incognito.—He illustrates by a figure of a kettle.—Mr. Mann on the three-fifth basis.—On Insurrection.—On the meaning of terms.—His Morality.—The Correspondent congratulates the Buckeyes.—Mr. Mann and Time.—His Law.—Our wretchedness and conduct.—Mr. Mann and Job.—Sudden Conversion.—Greatest Lightning.—The Doctrine of Repentance.—The Correspondent greets Mr. Mann and the Free Soilers the best of advice.—He blesses them and concludes, &c., &c.

Boston, June 28th, 1853.

I send you published Mr. Mann's letter of June 3d, in your last Number, so I suppose you intend to give your readers his Second one, giving his views on the Constitution in regard to Slavery. Isn't it a funny production? If he hadn't asked you to oblige him with a beam in your garret on which to fasten this rope with which he proposes to hang himself, I should think you fairly participate criminally. And I am not quite sure that you are not accessories, after the fact, to the violence he has done himself. I am not going to answer him. Not at all. For I should be obliged, according to his request, when he (virtually) begged us to let him alone, to renounce that incognito in which I have shrouded myself for so many years. I should have to disperse that profound mystery which has brooded over my personal identity, and to stand forth under my own name. This is more than I am willing to do. So I shall not reply to him, but only make such rambling remarks upon his letter as occur to me as I write.

Mr. Mann, I am told, has been a lawyer, practising at Dedham, a shire town, chiefly celebrated for having produced Fisher Ames and for being the residence of your Corresponding Editor, for whom, (as such) I feel a degree of regard, in spite of his unprincipled attempts, from time to time, to filch from me the credit of my letters. Well, Mr. Mann having been a lawyer, I wonder whether he was not the one who put in the famous plea in the case where a man was sued for breaking a borrowed kettle, viz: 1, He never borrowed the kettle; 2, He was broken when he took it; 3, It was whole when he returned it. I think he must have been, for I don't believe any other lawyer could have made this plea for the Constitution; viz, 1, the Constitution never was a pro-slavery kettle at all; 2, it was so cracked from the beginning that it was useless as a pro-slavery kettle; and 3, it has been, or will shortly be, so mended by lapse of time, that best of tinkers, as to become a sound Anti-Slavery kettle, fit for any honest man to cook his dinner in, either at Washington or in Massachusetts.

Mr. Mann's doctrine on the three-fifth Clause is of the same calibre. "It is a rule of disability," saith he, for the disadvantage of the South. Of the South, certainly; but is it of the Slaveholders? His argument is this: A is allowed four votes on condition that he steals five of his neighbors and keeps them in chains, and Mr. Mann cannot see that this is any temptation to A to keep on stealing, because, if the five neighbors hadn't been stolen, they and A together, would have had six votes! The South, of course, is weakened by the three-fifth basis. It is the Slaveholders, the dominant minority at the South, that it strengthens. I wonder whether Mr. Mann is going to instruct the ingenious youth of Ohio, or of Antioch, in Logic.

His views on the obligations imposed by the Constitution to put down Slave Insurrections are equally original and profound. "Nothing is more untenable," says Mr. Mann, "than the doctrine that an oath to support it requires a member of Congress to exercise the power given him for that purpose." "It is a power given, not a duty enjoined." Thus saith Mr. Mann. But what saith the Constitution? "The United States shall guarantee to every State a Republican form of Government; shall protect them against invasion; and, on application of the Legislature (or Executive, when the Legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence!" If that Legislature or Executive, happen to be Slaveholders, is not their application to be answered? Has Mr. Mann ever read the Constitution? It seems hardly possible to account for the stupendous intrepidity of some of his statements on the hypothesis that he ever has. I wonder whether Mr. Mann is to enlighten the rising generation at Antioch in Constitutional Law.

Mr. Mann is good enough to inform us, substantially, that the words of the Fugitive Slave Clause do not, legally interpreted, mean Slaves, Mr. Mann was for several years the head of Schoolmasters of Massachusetts, and, is shortly, I believe, to renew his connection with the honorable business of Education. It is not unnatural, therefore, that he should claim the privilege of his tribe, which excuses School-

masters from giving reasons. But he will pardon us pig-headed Garrisonians if we do not yield greater deference to his "Ipsa Dixit," than he did to that of Daniel Webster, once upon a time. He will permit us, perhaps, to refer him, for all the reasons that can be given, to the very able and ingenious work of Mr. Lysander Spooner, a work of which it is clear that Mr. Mann never can have heard, or he would certainly have acknowledged as obligations many things in his letter which we must now admire as simply coincidences.

But he admits that the Clause was meant to cover Slaves, and I suppose will not deny that South Carolina and Georgia came into the Union on that understanding. His sublimated morality, then, in his last letter and this, when condensed from the vapor of fine words that contains it, it seems to crystallize itself, substantially, into this shape. Massachusetts has got certain powers and privileges by the consent of Carolina, by agreeing to this Clause; having got them, she may keep the powers and privileges, while she juggles Carolina out of the price by pretending a great concern for a certain third party (the negroes), and urging certain rules of legal interpretation! She is to keep the oyster and give the shell to Carolina! She is to keep the merchandise, but to refuse to pay the consideration, because some ingenious lawyer has ferreted out a flaw in the terms of the Contract! I wonder whether Mr. Mann is going to teach the adolescent Buckeyes Morality, among other things! Welcome your new Mentor, O sons and daughters of Antioch, for, verily, such Godliness may be made Great Gain!

But Mr. Mann is of opinion that, though this was the intention of the Clause, still our fathers only meant that it should last a certain time.—A very pretty theory! And an original, it must be admitted. The only trouble about it is, as my old mathematical professor used to say of Perpetual Motion, that "it won't go!"—All the evidence is on the other side. The debates show that the founders of the Constitution did not regard the Abolition of the Slave Trade as likely to be any material injury to Slavery itself. But the long and obstinate fight over the three-fifths basis Clause, proves that there they considered themselves building for generations. Yet that Clause would last no longer than the Rendition Clause. Nor, indeed, so long. For as long as fifty slaves, of one, remained, that Clause would be operative, whereas the other would be obsolete.

I have said that this argument of Mr. Mann's is original. Nobody, I apprehend, will ever claim it as his thunder. It is, indeed, a most robust and heroic proposition. Mr. Mann, bred to the bar, practising at it, and, probably, not insensible to the opinion of the Profession, lays down the principle, that a form of words competent to mean "Slaves" up to a certain (or uncertain) time, by the mere operation of time, loses that signification! As if the lapse of time could change the legal effects of a phrase! If the words of that clause ever described a Slave, they always will, as long as one exists. And if they were not competent to describe Slaves always, they do not now. I wonder whether Mr. Mann intends to teach Law at Antioch.

Mr. Mann, towards the conclusion of his letter, regrets that Mr. Garrison and his friends should contend "for the most ultra pro-slavery construction of the Constitution" and thus give "material aid" to the Slaveholders. For this unfortunate opinion of ours, we have but one excuse to give, and that one I am afraid Mr. Mann will not consider as Statesmanlike, viz, that we think it to be the truth; and, therefore, are imprudent enough to avow it. If I understand Mr. Mann's explanation of his reasons for not regretting this opportunity of stating his opinions (sixth paragraph from the end) he and his party have risen superior to any such impulsive foolishness. He intimates that they were fighting so hard, that they had not time to let their enemies know what their opinions were.

Mr. Mann has done the very thing that Job wished that his adversary had done. He has written a book, and not only written, but published it. Now this book contains sundry statements quite at variance with those of this letter, as understood by mere common minds, and which seems to us to admit constructions of the Constitution quite as ultra and pro-slavery as any we hold. I can only quote a few, and those the briefest; there are plenty more.

"The Constitution proceeds upon this doctrine when it provides for fugitive slaves." "An escaped slave could not be recovered before the adoption of the Constitution. The power to seize upon escaping slaves was one of the motives for adopting it!" pp. 195-6

"The relation of the Government of the United States to Slavery consists in this only: that when this Government was created, Slavery existed in but a portion of the States; and by certain provisions of the Constitution, the existence of Slavery was recognized, and certain rights and duties in relation to it were respectively acknowledged and approved."

The officers in the State Government, being sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, the Governments of the Free States are implicated indirectly in the matter of Slavery, as the Government of the United States is directly and not otherwise." p. 116.

Now this is just what we say, and it is just what the Slaveholders say. Did Mr. Mann hold his present opinions as to slavery and the Constitution, then? If he did, why did he not express them there, where all the world could hear them? If he did not, would he not favor us with his experiences which have resulted in his conversion? It would be interesting to know the precise moment when the light shone in upon him. Mr. Mann is not incapable of sudden changes in opinion. He has had one within rather less than three months. In his letter of March 14th, he says:

"I swear as a Member of the House of Representatives, not as a United States Marshal, or foul Fugitive Slave Law Commissioner. When Free Soilers are found taking

an oath which shall oblige them to return fugitive slaves, then let them be blasted with the swiftest lightning."

On that day he held that some officers did require pro-slavery work and which he would not take, one of which was the Marshalship. But in the interval between then and the 11th of June he has received an illumination, and now he says:

"So far as pro-slavery implications are concerned, I should not have the slightest objection to take the commission and the oath of a Marshal to-day—" because he wouldn't do what he thought, in March, a U. S. Marshal was bound to do! So nimble is Mr. Mann in changing his ground that, I ween, the very "swiftest lightning" would have to be greeted before it could overtake him.

Now we Garrisonians believe in Repentance. It is our mission to preach it without ceasing. We, therefore, should think nothing the worse of Mr. Mann for having changed his opinion. On the contrary, we should respect him for it. But he must admit that whereas he was once blind he now seeth, or else confess that holding the opinions he does now, he very successfully concealed them when he was in Congress.—When Mr. Brownson turned Catholic, he admitted his former errors of Faith, and all who believed him honest, respected him for it. But what would have been thought of him if he had pretended that he had never been anything else?

The only tenable political Anti-Slavery ground is that of Gerrit Smith and Lysander Spooner. Mr. Mann has now taken that ground, as decidedly as he is, probably, capable of taking any ground, and the Commonwealth endorses his letter. Now, gentlemen, let us have no more shilly-shallying—no more talking to Buncombe, as if you held the usual opinions of the Constitution, when you don't. Let your members of Congress talk so, there.—Incorporate your principles with your platform, and don't try to make it look as much like the Whig and Democrat ones as you can. Make Gerrit Smith your political leader and Lysander Spooner your chief editor, and men will know where to find you, and you will begin to be felt in the country as you have never begun to be yet. Amen.—D. V.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, OHIO, JULY 9, 1853.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETS AUGUST 7.

Mr. Garrison and the Hartford Convention.

As our readers are aware, the country rings with the denunciation of abolitionists, and the whole abolition movement as infidel, because Mr. Garrison had the independent honesty, the quiet reliance on truth and free investigation, to attend the Hartford convention. The Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor, has an article on the subject, written by Russel Errett, which is one of the fairest statements we have seen of the question. True Mr. Errett indulges in a little rhetorical flourish about "the deluded wretches," who attended that convention, and we must also think, judging from the reception which Mr. Garrison's resolutions received, as well as from the character of the prominent speakers, that there was more anti-slavery there than Mr. Errett gives the convention credit for possessing. However that may be, he puts the question on its right basis. The members of that convention, attended its sessions not as representatives of anti-slavery in any form, but as men inquiring into the truth of the question before them. Mr. Errett contends that the abolitionists of Pennsylvania are almost unanimously Bible believers, basing their anti-slavery upon it as a foundation. Very likely such is their opinion. If they are only good anti-slavery men and women, we shall not stop to inquire into the formation of the pedestal on which they stand. The question may be somewhat a speculative one, and we can conceive of a man's not understanding the formation of his underpinning, and yet stand perpendicular—manlike and humane upon it. Such an one we like, and such an one we shall not quarrel with about this question. Let him show that he has heart—and let him use his might and strength for freedom, and we are content. Nor shall we excommunicate the Pennsylvania abolitionists from the anti-slavery church, nor refuse to go to anti-slavery meetings with them, if they get up conventions to prove the plenary inspiration of the Bible, or to extend the area of that opinion. Nor shall we refuse to go to meeting with Mr. Barker, or anybody else who goes to Hartford for the opposite purpose.

The Liberator contains a report of one of Mr. Garrison's speeches before the Hartford convention. The whole speech we should hardly think extraneous in the present position of affairs, after the wicked misrepresentations of the views of abolitionists who attended that convention. It would by any unprejudiced jury be returned a case of justifiable self-defence. We will however, give only an extract from his introductory remarks, which are directly to this point, and present most happily the true posture of affairs on this question.

"Mr. Chairman.—The object which has brought us together is, undeniably, a very important one. The question before us should be discussed in sincerity of spirit, with the utmost candor, and with that gravity which belongs to it. It is not that my hands are not full—it is not that my mind is not pre-occupied with other matters of great importance to the cause of Liberty and Humanity—that I am with you on this occasion; but it is mainly because your Convention, being called for a good and lawful object, is nevertheless an unpopular meeting. (Cries of 'hear, hear!') God forbid that I should be ascertaining for myself, where the popular side is to be found, that I may stand upon it, and therefore be safe as to my

reputation! A popular truth does not need my aid, and I shall not proffer any in that direction. A hunted, proscribed, outlawed truth commends itself to my warmest support; and both by choice and by destiny, I feel that I am allied to it, now and forever. (Cheers.)

"Sir, I know well the cost of an appearance in a Convention of this kind. I anticipate all that will be said, maliciously and opprobriously, on both sides of the Atlantic, in regard to the resolutions which I have read in your hearing, and to my participation in your proceedings. Already, I hear the outcry of 'Infidel! infidel! infidel!' on the part of those occupants of the pulpit, who, while they are strong in their 'coward's castle,' never dare to make their appearance on a free platform before the people. I know, moreover, it will be said that is another evidence of the infidel character of the anti-slavery movement. I know that the American Anti-Slavery Society will, by the bigoted and pharisaical, by the designing and wicked, be held responsible for the sentiments I may utter on this occasion. Shall I, therefore, be dumb? Will it indeed injure the cause of the slave, so dear to my heart, for me to express my thoughts, conscientiously, about the Bible? I do not believe it. Have I any right to speak on any other subject than American slavery;—or am I morally bound to give it my undivided attention? Why, Sir, no freedom of speech or inquiry is conceded to me in this land. Am I not vehemently told, both at the North and at the South, that I have no right to meddle with the question of slavery? And my right to speak on any other subject, in opposition to public opinion, is equally denied to me—not, it is true, by the strong arm of government, but by the cowardly and tyrannical in spirit.—Now, I stand here, not as an abolitionist, not to represent the anti-slavery cause, but simply as a man, uttering my own thoughts, on my own responsibility; and, therefore, whoever shall avail himself of my presence here, to make me odious as the advocate of the slave, or to subject any anti-slavery body to reproach on that account, will reveal himself in his true character—that of a bigot, a hypocrite, or a falsifier."

Colored Militia.

The Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts has had under consideration the question of abolishing all distinction of color in the enrollment of the militia of the State. Several propositions were ineffectually made, the last of which, presented by Mr. Wilson, was as follows:

"Resolved, That no distinction shall be ever made in the organization of the volunteer militia of the Commonwealth, on account of color or race."

Mr. Choate went into an argument to prove that the proposition was an unconstitutional one if it was the design that the colored volunteers should form any part of the national army. The argument, in substance, was this: Congress by the Constitution has the power of organizing the militia. It has organized it, and distinctly defined that it should consist of "whites."—Massachusetts could not legislate in conflict with this. Therefore the proposition was an unconstitutional one. If a colored regiment were to win Bunker Hill—with this constitutional act of Congress in existence, they could never be recognized as a part of the national militia and could be amenable to no military court. The power of organizing and training the militia was not exclusively with Congress. The States might act in support of congressional action, and in points where Congress had failed to act, but not in conflict with that action. If such a company were organized, the President could not recognize it as part of the militia of the United States.

To dodge the difficulty, at the suggestion of Mr. Sumner, Mr. Wilson substituted for the word "militia," in his resolution, the words, "military companies." At this proposition, which really looks to us like a miserable subterfuge,—the Hunkers held up their hands, and in genuine astonishment, inquired, "If 'military companies' did not mean 'militia,' pray what did it mean?" Finally, it was decided that Massachusetts did not need a coloured military organization, either in companies or militia; and by a large vote the whole subject was laid upon the table.

This is a fair specimen of the dilemma into which the good intentions of men run them, when in a false position. General Wilson and Mr. Sumner are going to support the Constitution, believing it to be pro-slavery, and yet are also going to abolish slavery under it, and secure equal rights to all. Their fatal concession brings them up all standing at every point, and the best that even Mr. Sumner and Wilson combined, can do, is to resort to some quick or dodge like the one above. We hope that they may some time learn that bolder ground must be taken, if by any means they intend to succeed. It will take a bolder policy than that marked by trickery or evasion to overwhelm the slave power, with the government at its control.

With regard to the objection of these Constitution makers, we suppose it is not to the help of the colored in case there was any real fighting to be done—any Bunker Hill battles to win. They would doubtless be then willing enough to have them shot at or bayoneted. But the objection is to the training. The citizen soldiers don't like the idea of having negroes parading in epaulettes and sporting plumes and red-tailed coats. Their dignity could never endure, and so the Federal Constitution is to be secured hereafter, the Massachusetts Constitution unaltered, and if the colored people shall sport their military finery and muskets for exhibition, the Governor or Sheriff may disperse them as a mob.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY PRESS.—The second No. of Facts for the People, contains a list of seventy-two Free Democratic papers, and five Anti-Slavery papers now published.

Shall We "Go Gyping"?

That is the question that disturbs some of our Ohio politicians now. The Whigs are courting, coaxing, wheedling. Some of them seem to be actually progressing towards the Free Democracy. The Free Democracy are helping them along, by protestations that Whiggery is dead, and past all hope of resurrection—and they may well form new alliances far truer and better than the old past—while the Hunker Whigs, swear by their gray beards, that Whiggery is alive, and can muster at the polls, 170,000 strong, and they don't thank the Free Democrats for their alliance; and the Forest City and its like, may go where it says the Whig party has gone, and where all "free piggers" ought to go.

We like this spunky spirit. There is less to fear from it to the integrity of anti-slavery politics, than from the union with Whigs. Free Democrats will never unite with Whigs without letting down their standard. (It is low enough now according to our thinking.) Martin Van Buren and Prince John, would never have led them "Gyping," but for their union and their proffered numbers. Let our free soil men, before they strike a bargain, find out surely whether it will pay. That is always a fair question in politics. They will throw more shot and with better execution from the high lands of uncompromising anti-slavery, than they possibly can if they man their guns with the whole 170,000 whigs aforesaid, if their artillery is planted among the bogs, midway between free soil and whiggery.

Some of the Free Soil papers seem not altogether unmindful of the attentions paid them, and give some hope that they may be coaxed into the union. Others plant themselves firmly in their tracks, and bid the others meet them there, and they may have a union. So says the brave little Aurora of New Lisbon. Its inches are few, but its courage is grand; and its heart is Frosty enough, towards the wheedling whigs. It will not go gyping again. Not he. So say you all, good Free Soil brothers? You had as well.

Mr. C. O. ARNOLD, the recently appointed Route Agent on the C. & P. R. R., writes us to say that he did him justice, in attributing the failure of the Salem mails, the other day, to the "New Agent."—That he had not at that time entered upon his new duties. We cheerfully make this statement. Mr. Arnold's sensitiveness is an indication of his determination to discharge his duty faithfully. Nevertheless, Somebody carried off our Salem mail on the occasion referred to.

ACCIDENT ON THE O. & P. RAILROAD.—As the freight train was leaving the Smithfield Station on Friday last, Mr. S. R. Colby, Conductor, accidentally fell from off the train and was materially injured. His right hand was badly mashed by the wheels of the cars, besides being badly cut and bruised otherwise. He was brought on the train to this place, and immediately put under the care of Dr. Carey. He is now doing well, and a speedy recovery is anticipated by his friends.

South Carolina and Great Britain.

The report seems now well established that Great Britain has resolved to discontinue proceedings against State, in regard to the imprisonment of her colored seamen. The question was up for discussion in Parliament. The Ministers thought the grievances would be best remedied by representation through official agents, and by guarantees which should secure South Carolina from any disturbance of its public and social tranquility. North Carolina and Louisiana had modified theirs, and South Carolina would perhaps follow their example. The difficulty was one in common with the Free States of the Union, and in the case of Great Britain, was increased by a proviso in the commercial treaties which subjected them to the municipal regulations of the States.

South Carolina has gained a triumph. And what does the British Minister mean by securing the "public and social tranquility" of South Carolina? In common English it is plain enough. But South Carolina puts another interpretation upon such words. She understands that the security of Slavery is guaranteed.

In consequence, some of the South Carolina papers are quite gracious towards Great Britain. A Charleston paper proposes that instead of imprisoning their colored visitors, they should adopt a *Cafre* law, permitting free colored British seamen to visit the city by daylight, but requiring them to be on ship-board by the ringing of the curfew, or evening bell. Quite a consideration granted to the British free men. Quite a stretch of Southern magnanimity, to say nothing of its reckless daring, granted through, probably only in consideration of the British Minister's assurance that their political and social tranquility shall be guaranteed. Will the British people agree to such a guarantee?

The Charleston Mercury says: "We learn that the case of Reuben Roberts against Sheriff Yates, or rather of Great Britain against South Carolina, has come to a very 'lame and impotent conclusion.' Orders have been received through the British Minister that further proceedings in the case be discontinued, and that their counsel be paid off and discharged. It is presumed that the British government has become convinced that whatever might be the decision of the case before the Supreme Court, they should only gain a loss by it; and the greater loss in the event of winning the suit,—inasmuch as it would most certainly have followed, not by the abrogation of the law of South Carolina, but that of the Reciprocity Treaty, on which their complaint was founded."

GOING THE WHOLE.—The New Hampshire Legislature has had before it, resolutions approving of President Pierce's administration, and his inaugural. A Free Soiler moved to except from this commendation, the proposition to extend slavery. The granite hearted Democrats voted it down, 68 to 144. So New Hampshire is for slavery extension, clearly and above board.

Meetings.

J. W. Walker held two meetings at Messopotamia a week ago last Sunday, which were well attended. On the evening of the same day he spoke at the centre of Farmington, where considerable excitement prevailed on account of the Methodists mailing up the windows and fastening the doors to prevent the meeting being held.

The deed gives these Methodists the use of the house half the time, the other half to any who want to use it for religious purposes. After considerable effort to open the windows, the doors were forced, and a quiet, good meeting was held.

The Cool Spring meeting was held in a grove on the farm of Ellis Cope, which had been fitted up with seats, stand, &c.

The numbers in attendance were good, though not so large as they would have been but for the rain in the morning.

M. R. Robinson, J. W. Walker, S. Myers, J. Barker, and W. Myers addressed the meeting. Friends were present from Salem, New Lisbon, and other places. The effect was good, the cause of the slave receiving a new impetus.

A large Temperance Celebration was held at Alliance on Sunday and Monday. On the latter day the cars carried passengers at half the usual rates, which enabled a great mass of people to attend. Several thousands were in and near the beautiful grove. Several processions from a distance came on to the ground with flags, etc. The meeting was enthusiastic throughout. We do not know who spoke on Sunday, but on Monday addresses were delivered by J. W. Walker, Mr. Hanger, and others.

There was also a large Temperance gathering at Canfield as well as at other places in the neighborhood. On the whole the day, seemed devoted to temperance, anti-slavery, pic nics, &c.

BIBLE DISCUSSION.—The discussion advertised between Messrs. Hartzell and Barker commenced according to announcement on Monday last. Notwithstanding the exceedingly busy season of the year, its sessions have been largely attended. All has been conducted pleasantly and agreeably, the audience attentive and manifesting a deep interest in the investigations. Many strangers are here from a distance. James Barnaby and Miss Caroline Stanton are phonographically reporting it. We understand it is the intention to have it published after its conclusion which has not occurred at the time we write. They progress slowly. Mr. Hartzell, who leads, did not plunge into the arguments at once. Had he done so, it seems to us much time and many words would have been saved, and much added to the interest of the sessions.

Free Soil Convention.

On the 4th, there was a most enthusiastic and spirited Convention held in New Lisbon. An effort had been made to coalesce with others. But there appeared to be a determination to maintain the integrity of the Independent Democratic party, and resolutions were passed in favor of the Maine Law, and denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law. The following ticket was nominated:

Reps.—HUGH GASTON, Middleton, JONAS D. CATTELL, Perry.

Sheriff.—Andrew McIntosh, Yellow Creek.

Com.—Morris Miller, Hanover.

Treas.—Abner Moore, Centre.

Pros.—Asa H. Battin, Yellow Creek.

Surgeon.—Taylor H. Woolley, Hanover.

Coroner.—Joseph Straughn, Centre.

Infantry Director.—T. B. Cushman, Centre.

A Central Committee was appointed, consisting of S. W. Orr, John Frost, J. K. Snodgrass, J. Heaton, Geo. Sloan, &c.

So our Columbiana Free Soilers are for retaining their perpendicularity. Good. By standing erect they will the sooner draw other men unto them. Of the candidates they have nominated, we have personal acquaintance with but few. Of one we can speak, as a friend of freedom and of temperance, bold, firm, earnest, and always reliable. An old abolitionist and no compromiser is JONAS D. CATTELL. A better man could not have been selected.—EDITOR.

The Democrats hold a Convention in Columbus on the 24th of August, to nominate a School Commissioner. Thus are they determined to make that a partisan question. In our opinion, the New Lisbon aspirant, Mr. Frazier, has not added to his credit, if he has to his prospects, by his recent correspondence assailing the teachers of Columbiana, for the expression of their preference for Mr. Andrews.

THE HOMESTEAD.—Our neighbor of the Homestead has mounted a new head this week. Really an improvement in its appearance, but he says the "soul and moving spirit" are just the same as ever.

UNION.—Horace Greeley counsels the Whigs, Free Soilers, and all others in Ohio who can, to combine upon the Maine Law, forgetting, all other differences for the time being.

GERRIT SMITH.—We regret to learn from Frederick Douglass' Paper, that Gerrit Smith is confined with severe sickness, having recently undergone a severe surgical operation.

Reminiscences—The Era.

The *pro tem* Editor of the National Era, who is giving that paper a pleasant smell of spice, has the following historic allusions, which, of their kind, can't well be beat. Speaking of the recent Barnburners, he says:

"The way of the transgressors is hard enough, but under the Pierce dynasty it is nothing to the way the prodigal sons are to be served after they have tasted of the fatted calf, dressed to welcome their return. To our taste, the husks of the third party had a better relish and a pleasanter digestion. The elder brethren who never left the household are evidently the chief cooks of the entertainment, and serve it without grace."

"The Hunkers remember 1848, and so do we. Those were the days when we went gypsying with the Prince and the pious Butler. It is amusing now to recollect that we have seen John mobbed, as nearly as four or five thousand indignant Whigs and Locos could achieve so laudable an undertaking; it is really funny to think of his quantity of piety being persecuted; and to look back at his sufferings for conscience sake, as an actual fact! We fancy we can hear him now, as then, delivering the oracle, 'There is such a thing as being right as well as regular!' John, you are immortal—but, as a wag. We have made out our own pardon for believing that when good motives for right conduct were as plenty as blackberries, you had some of them. You are a good looking fellow, and, for a little while, had the benefit of good company; but, it is of no avail for you to get right again; better, on the whole, for all honest men, that you stay regular. And, as for brother Butler, we recommend him also to keep out of revivals, and stick to 'stated preaching.' If you are treated with contempt and suspicion by your present political associates, it will not add very much to the burden of your own; so we leave you to your luck; and don't let your conscience trouble you in the least. Repentance is not a grace for them, and for that place where there is no reformation possible. We have fed upon the crumbs that fell from your table, and owe you something for a few helpful licks, and would willingly dip the tips of our fingers in water to cool your lips when you get into torment, but for the width of the gulf. Prayers for the dead don't reach beyond purgatory. We must hide our grief in our own heart, for it is not lawful to send our good wishes all the way after you. You have become *National Democrats*; and, 'to give the devil his due,' we consent and submit, but our humanity shudders at the fierce extremes of heat and cold that are in reserve for you."

"And now, that our sympathies are flowing freely, where is our old friend Tom Corwin, of glorious memory? The last thing we recollect of him, personally, happened on the Western Reserve, in 1840—a long time ago! That day he performed one of the most capital dodges that we have seen done even on the Western stump. There were a few Abolitionists among the twenty thousand auditors that he was playing upon for his own and General Harrison's election; but they wanted to vote for Old Tippecanoe; and, they say in Pennsylvania, 'never let on' about his pro-slavery votes, duly recorded in the Abolition almanac of the day. The Locos, however, were well-posted up about it, and if they could only get the Governor to say something about it, one way or the other, they had something to make by it. For, if he came out flat footed against the Abolitionists, he would lose them; and if he pleased them, he must offend a host of 'good Whigs and true.' 'Tom'—that is, the Honorable Thomas Corwin—had just made an effective pause in his oratory, and was taking a drink, when a forty-faced, slab-sided Locofoco, six feet and an indefinite number of inches high, rose about the middle of the mass, and stretching himself up like a jack-screw, letting out one joint of his back bone after another, until he stood a head and shoulders above the crowd, cried out, in a voice that might split a gum stick, 'What do you say to Abolition?' Tom—his name was in such constant use that it had to be shortened for convenience—Tom, taken all aback, and not a loop-hole left for escape, looked around for a moment in honest distress, which served better than acting it for his purpose, and letting it first take effect, put on the roguesy required, and when every eye was blazing on him, and every heart standing still with expectation, he covered his face with both hands, leaving an out-look for his eyes between the fingers, and in a tone of exquisitely done-up mock embarrassment, cried out, 'That's not a fair question to put to a man of my color.' Tom is doubtless as comely, morally and politically, as the curtains of Solomon; but he is, nevertheless, as black, complexionally, as the tents of Kedah. The effect was immense, and the impertinence of the Democrat was drowned in the explosion of applause."

"But what a difference there is between exploding a joke in the woods and a bomb-shell in the Senate chamber! The last we heard of him, after that volcanic eruption, was that he ran away to escape from the falling fragments. We hope he is not hurt, for there isn't a better agitator alive. From painting rainbows to laddling out lava, for mixing logic and laughter, fun, and philosophy, with effect, he has scarcely a match in the Union, however bounded. Ah, Prince John, and Governor Tom, we could better have spared better men, for we had plenty of them, and you shan't want an epitaph while words of ours may do you a grace."

THE ERA. Besides being spicy above its wont under Dr. Elder, takes some new positions, as the following:

"Slavery has no foundation in nature, and it carries nothing of the obligation of contract between the parties with it. It is virtually a state of war between master and slave, however disguised; and every disturbance that arises in its operation, simply reminds the one to his primitive right of conquest, and the other to his natural right of self-defence. The Christiana case turns it inside out, just as the conclusion exhibits the premises fully developed. There is no truth in it, in root or branch; its fruit is never ripe till it is rotten, and a wholesome twig cannot be grafted on its Upas stem."

It proposes to name Professor Stowe's plan for starving out slavery by hiring Chinese at 6d. per day, the "sub-slavery movement." We like the christening:

FEMALE ORATORS.—Mrs. Bloomer, Miss Emily Clark, and Mrs. Vaughn were advertised to deliver addresses at different places in New York on the 4th inst.

THE WOMEN OF WISCONSIN held a State Temperance Convention at Lake Mills, on the 8th of June, which resulted in the formation of a State Temperance Society of Women. In the Resolutions, they "give notice to the Law makers that the women are coming with the demand for a prohibitory law,"—that they will give no place till they obtain it, and suggest that a speedy compliance will make the surrender more graceful.

A NEW LECTURER IN THE FIELD.—Mrs. Abby H. Price is advertised to lecture in Massachusetts. She is the agent of the Worcester Co. Anti-Slavery Society.

For the Bugle.

The Chase—A Dream.

As lone I sat one wintry night, and listened to the rain,

That with a dull, continuous sound, pattered upon the pane,

Gazing upon the cheerful fire that glowed with ruddy beam,

I felt into a musing mood, and then into a dream.

Methought it was a Sabbath morn, and in a Temple fair,

I stood and watched the gathering throng, who met for praise and prayer;

Up the broad aisles they gaily swept, in silks and satins dressed,

In broadcloths fine, with jewels rare, (for each one wore his best.)

But as I gazed there came a man with slow and weary pace,

Bearing on his brow the stain of Africa's injured race,

As seeking for the "Negro pew," he meekly onward passed,

I sighed to see each glance in scorn, upon him coldly cast.

Just then a carriage gaily grand, drew up before the door,

With trappings brilliant as the sun and sabio coursers fair,

And from it stepped a gentleman with such a courtly air,

And such a blaze of jewelry it made the people stare.

O then there was a generous strife who should most cordial be,

The ladies' kind admiring look you would have smiled to see;

As up the aisle the stranger passed the doors of every pew

Wide open at his near approach, as if by magic flew.

The preacher was a worthy man; his whiskers were in trim,

The ring upon his snowy hand was neither poor or dim;

He wore the finest broadcloth coat, with linen fine and fair,

How brilliantly his gold watch shone, how glossy was his hair.

And then how fervently he prayed for those who never heard

Salvations free and joyful news, and then he thanked the Lord

For living in this Christian land of Gospel light, and when

The reverend preacher ended, all the people cried amen.

Then opened he the sacred book, and read of him who died,

The meek, the just the holy one, for sinners crucified;

Who wandered homeless and forlorn on Galilee's far shore;

The comforter of those who mourned the brother of the poor.

'Twas thus he read in solemn tones when suddenly a shout,

Mingled with the bayings of a hound and curses from without,

And rushing in with eager haste and eyes that glowed like flame,

Three fierce, rude men, and close behind, their blood-hound allies came.

Outspoke their leader, "Worthy priest we must your pardon crave,

For coming in such earnest haste, to seek a missing slave;

We know it is a Sabbath day, but 'tis a righteous cause,

And every good and pious man will help sustain the laws."

"The Constitution," quoth the priest, "dear friends, must be defended,

Else, as great Daniel hath foretold, the Union will be ended;

You've been to church until you all your duty surely know,

Beloved flock obey the laws and let the chattering go.

But while he speaks the fugitive from out the window sprang

And on the pavement quick below, his bounding footsteps rang,

Swift as the stag before the hounds, away, away he ran,

While in pursuit of that poor wretch upstarted every man.

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But while he speaks the fugitive from out the window sprang

And on the pavement quick below, his bounding footsteps rang,

Swift as the stag before the hounds, away, away he ran,

While in pursuit of that poor wretch upstarted every man.

'Twas then upon mine ear a sound of fiendish laughter fell,

And turning where the stranger sat, behold the King of Hell!

With cloven foot (no more concealed,) and fearful talons too,

Clad in a sable suit of mail, with shield of fiery hue.

"You're right," he cried in jeering tones, "you have my approbation,

Most pious priest, and people of this free and Christian nation,

Your honored leader I will be, but ere you join the chase,

I'll give you forms that shall befit so glorious a race."

Then with a grin he seized his wand, and slowly waved it, when

Lo! four legged hounds that bay'd for blood in place of well-dressed men!

Then out they sprang, and over hill and dale they swiftly sped

Upon the flying bondman's track, Apollyon at their head.

But as with shouts that chilled my blood they neared their panting prize;

Methought I saw an angel band descending from the skies

To seize the hunted wanderer I saw them lowly bend,

Then bear him swiftly from the reach of blood-hounds and foul fiend.

But not to those imbruted eyes was that blest vision given;

They might not see that ransomed soul ascending into Heaven,

But still with never-ceasing yells, onward they flew,

Condemned by fate forevermore a phantom to pursue.

But as I gazed, in wonder lost, I heard the clock's loud stroke,

Telling the "magic midnight hour," and sadly I awoke;

The dying flames upon the hearth a fitful radiance shed,

And, pondering on this vision strange, I sought my silent bed.

C. L. M.

Receipts for The Bugle for the week ending July 6th.

Martha Picken, Kirkville, \$1.00-415

Simon Meredith, Berlin, 50-424

Dr. Jesse Bailey, Barnesville, 2,00-442

John Adamson, Columbiana, 5,00-514

Jesse A. Woods, 3,75-405

George Brockway, Jamestown, 1,50-446

John Speers, Deerfield, 2,00-432

E. Hoadley, North Benton, 1,50-456

Sam'l Toomey, Deardorffs Mills, 24-405

Dr. H. Freese, 1,76-460

Ridgeway Haines, Alliance, 2,50-389

Benjamin Gilbert, May, 1,50-435

Treasurer's Report for June.

Cornelius Whitacre, \$5.00

Joshua Whitacre, 2.50

Harlow Post, 8.00

Alanson Briggs, 7.00

R. Bidlake, 2.00

O. O. Brown, 1.50

J. McMillan, Treasurer.

FOR SALE.—Dr. K. G. Thomas offers for sale his dwelling in Marlboro', Stark Co. An excellent location for a physician.

CIRCULAR.

Private Medical Institute.

THE subscriber would respectfully announce that this Institution will commence its next term with still greater advantages than ever before offered, on Monday, the 3d of October next.

The design is as heretofore, to render the course of study useful, attractive, interesting and practical; to this end he will endeavor to illustrate and as far as possible demonstrate each subject.

Students desirous of availing themselves of a thorough course of instruction, will here find the requisites for speedily acquiring a knowledge of the science in all its branches.

Among the means at command for demonstrating may be found a fine

FRENCH OBSTETRICAL MANIKIN,

Selected Articles.

From the Boston Journal.
The Yankee Clock-Maker.

BY DR. ALCOCK.

Forty-five years ago, a plain-looking man, of few words, but of great mechanical ingenuity, bought an old grist-mill in Plymouth, at the south-eastern extremity of Litchfield county, in Connecticut, and converted it into a wooden clock factory. The writer of this article, then a mere boy, rendered his feeble assistance in the work of rebuilding. Wooden clocks had indeed been made before this time by Lemuel Harrison, of Waterbury, and Gideon Roberts, of Bristol—towns contiguous to Plymouth—and perhaps in other parts of the country; but only in very small numbers. It was even said that the parts of some of the clocks first manufactured by these gentlemen were actually cut out with a pen-knife. In any event they were made very slowly, inserted in long cases reaching from the floor almost to the ceiling, and cost from twenty-five to fifty dollars a-piece.

The name of the Plymouth adventurer was Eli Terry. He was soon able to manufacture clocks in his new factory at the rate of several hundred—perhaps a thousand—a year. The "stream," however, to keep it going, required many tributaries. All the hills, for many miles round, at least in some directions, were ransacked by the inhabitants for hard wood of various kinds, such as laurel, popularly called ivy, box wood, sugar maple, &c., wherewith to make frame work and pinions for the interior; the fields were laid under contribution to produce flax, whence the cords were made by which the weights were suspended; and the price of labor on the farms was raised because so many young men were employed in connection with the factory, and in selling the clocks when made. Of these last individuals, Yankee clock-makers, some of the more bold and enterprising ventured abroad with their one-horse wagon fifty or a hundred miles from home, and sold their wooden clocks at the amazingly low price of twenty-five or thirty dollars.

The business rapidly increased, and Mr. Terry was, ere long, able to manufacture not only one thousand clocks a year, but several thousand! But his example awakened a world of Yankee enterprise, which had hitherto been sleeping. They could not be content to let plain Eli Terry make his thousands of dollars a year, while they only made three dollars a day; and hence one after another, in the contiguous places alluded to, they found their way into the same employment. The mania even spread farther than Bristol and Waterbury. It extended to Waretown, Litchfield, Harwinton, Southington, and Meriden. The clocks, moreover, were peddled all over the United States.

Mr. Terry soon sold out his establishment to Seth Thomas and Silas Hoadly, two enterprising young mechanics, who, after making such changes and adopting such improvements as enabled them to manufacture many thousands of clocks in a year, separated, like Abraham and Lot, and each had a factory of his own. Mr. Hoadly remained on the old spot, where he made clocks very many years, but subsequently emigrated; while Mr. Thomas, his partner, established himself in what is called Plymouth Hollow. The former is far from affluence, but the latter has made himself and many others rich.—As did Cain of old, though not in Cain's spirit, he has built quite a city. He not only continues to manufacture clocks, but cotton also, and I believe, other things. Perhaps he has done more good for a quarter of a century past than any other mechanic in all that region. Mr. Terry and his sons continued in the business until the death of the father, which happened only a few years since. He was more fortunate in a pecuniary point of view, than most pioneers, though never so wealthy as some of those who followed in the path he marked out.

Thirty-two years ago, Chauncey Jerome, a young man of enterprise of the same town, Plymouth, engaged in the wooden clock business. It is said in a New Haven paper, that he, too, made his first clock by the hand; but for the truth of this statement I cannot vouch, as the business had been carried on at that time by machinery about twelve years. In any event, however, Mr. Jerome, with his conductors, all of whom I personally knew, was destined, as a clock-maker, to eclipse all his predecessors. The price of clocks had indeed fallen, but not greatly. It was reserved for that gentleman to reduce it from three to four dollars.

Mr. Jerome, nearly thirty years ago, removed from Plymouth to Bristol, where he remained until nine or ten years ago, when he removed to New Haven, where he still resides. He has experienced reverses of fortune; but, like the fabled Phoenix, which rises from its own ashes, so every reverse in his affairs has only served to increase his energies, and develop and extend a new spirit of enterprise. He has probably made two or three times as many wooden clocks as any other person in the world; though for some time past, I believe, his material for clocks has been brass. Indeed, I do not know that wooden clocks are now made.

Besides his factory in New Haven, which employs nearly a hundred and fifty hands, Mr. Jerome employs much more than another hundred in Bristol, Derby, and elsewhere, and his commodity is scattered all over the country—and I might say all over the civilized and even the half-civilized world. He has, as I have lately learned, (for I have made a purchase there) a depository of his clocks in Hanover street, in this city; also, one in each of the cities of New York, London and Liverpool. I am told by those who ought to know, that he has for three years past manufactured five hundred clocks daily. At this rate the result of his labors would be about one hundred and fifty thousand a year! In truth I should not be greatly surprised to know that he has manufactured in his whole life nearly a million.

It is curious to observe what results sometimes follow from the efforts of a single man.—as "tall casks from little acorns grow."—How many successful circles in the United States, in California, Oregon, Peru, England, Continental Europe, Turkey, China, Hindostan, and even Australia, have been gladdened and cheered by the presence of Jerome's clocks? Had but one-half as many circles been made mourners by his efforts for thirty years—had he been the means like Caesar or Napoleon, of the destruction of thousands of young men, the flowers of their respective families—he might long ago have been lauded as a hero, if not crowned as an emperor. But to

no such honor does he aspire. He seeks not his own glory in desolating the earth; but the good of his fellow men and the glory of God in making it the cheerful abode of cheerful and happy men. The peans sung to his praise will be sung by another class of men than those who have lauded heroism in war, and delighted in carnage and blood.

While penning these lines, memory, so often true to her trust, has brought to me the following couplet, from the poet Young:

"The clock strikes one,
We take no note of time but by its loss;
To give it then a tongue, is wise in man."

To show that I have not exaggerated while making these statements above concerning Mr. Jerome, allow me to quote a paragraph or two from the New Haven Journal and Courier of about two years ago:—

"The entire number of operatives now dependent upon his (Mr. Jerome's) enterprise, is something more than two hundred and sixty, to whom about \$6,000 dollars in cash are paid monthly. Looking at a single clock, it would seem that not a very large quantity of material would be necessary to the manufacture of many thousands of these. Yet a million and a half of pine lumber; more than one-third of a million of mahogany and rosewood veneers; two hundred thousand pounds rolled and cast brass; two hundred barrels of glue and a hundred more of varnish; two thousand boxes of glass; three hundred casks of nails, and other necessary materials in proportion, will give some idea of the immense business done by this single establishment."

Let me finish this brief article by saying that the time may come, and ought to come, when the lives of such men as Eli Terry, Seth Thomas and Chauncey Jerome—will be written for the benefit of the rising generation. What a blessed day it will be when our children and youth delight to read the well-written biographies of self-made men, who move in useful, though humble spheres, instead of those of conquerors and marshals, and what is still worse, the offspring of a heated brain and a licentious imagination, or of a heart, in east or west, which has prostrated itself at the shrine of mammon!

"A MAN OF HIS WORD."

You may sing of the heroes of yore,
You may speak of the deeds they have done,
Of the foes they have slain by the score,
Of the glorious battles they've won;
You may seek to eternize their fame,
And it may be wild, goodly success—
But it is not the warrior's name
That this heart and this spirit would bless;
Though oft at their mention my soul hath been stirred,
Yet dearer to me is the man of his word.

You may speak of the great ones of earth,
Of prelates, of princes, and kings;
I doubt not there's something of worth
In the bosom of all human things;
But dearer to me than the whole
Of pageantry, splendor and pride,
Is the man with a frank, honest soul,
Who never his word hath belied;
Yes, prized above all that this earth can afford,
Though lowly and poor, is the man of his word.

REMEDY FOR FITS.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

Though no Doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions; and as I shall charge you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are, most of us, subject to fits. I am visited with them myself, and I dare say that you are also. Now, then, for my prescriptions.

For a fit of envy, go to a watering place, and see how many who keep their carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout, and dropsy; how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy. "A sound heart is the life of the flesh; envy, the rottenness of the bones." Prov. xiv. 30.

For a fit of passion, walk out in the open air; for a fit of ambition, go to the church-yard and read the grave-stones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and your sister.

For a fit of repining, look about you for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, and afflicted and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a fit of despondency, look on the good things which God has given you in the world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into the garden to look for colubines and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all fits of doubt, perplexity and fear, whether they respect the body or the mind—whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head or the heart, the following is a radical cure, which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician—"Cast thy burden on the Lord, he will sustain thee."

J. Howard Payne.

BY A CORRESPONDENT OF THE COTTON PLANT.

As I sit in my garret here (in Washington), watching the course of great men, and the destiny of party, I meet often with strange contradictions in this eventful life. The most remarkable was that of J. Howard Payne, author of "Sweet Home." I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating that I have often spent whole days in his apartment. He was an applicant for office at the time—Consul at Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poet subjected to the humiliation of office-seeking.—Of an evening he would walk along the streets, looking into the lighted parlors as we passed.—Once in a while we would see some family circle so happy, and forming so beautiful a group, that we would both stop and then pass silently on. On such occasions he would give me a history of his wanderings; his trials, and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. "How often," said he once, "I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand organ playing 'Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to put my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office; and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." Thus he would complain of his helpless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land; to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity.

I met him one day looking unusually sad.—"Have you got your Consulate?" said I.

"Yes, and leave in a week for Tunis; I shall never return."

The last expression was not a political faith.—Far from it. Poor Payne; his wish was realized; he died at Tunis. Whether his remains have been brought to this country, I know not. They should be; and, if none others would do it, let the homeless throughout the world give a penny for a monument to Payne. I knew him, and will give my penny, and for an inscription the following:

HERE LIES J. HOWARD PAYNE,

THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."

A wanderer in life; he whose songs were sung in every tongue,

And found an echo in every heart—

NEVER HAD A HOME.

HE DIED IN A FOREIGN LAND.

Cold Water Safety Steam Engine.

We insert below a correct description of this invention, given by Mr. Tappell the inventor himself:—*Con. Del. Weekly.*

1. It is denominated the Cold Water Safety Steam Engine, because the steam is generated by injections of cold water into heated generators, without a boiler, and converted into highly rarified steam instantaneously, which acts immediately on the piston in the working cylinder, as in the ordinary manner.

2. The generators are formed by putting one cylinder within another, to create two highly heated surfaces within the distance of one-sixteenth of an inch apart. At the lower end of the external cylinder there is attached a large solid block of iron, which may be round or square, about eighteen or twenty inches long, standing at right angles to the external cylinder, called the foot of the generator. About the middle of this is placed a tube, very thick and strong, communicating with a hole in the foot, which leads to the space or surface between the two cylinders. This tube is the charge to receive the water as it is injected. This foot and tube is the only part in the fire, which is kept very hot, and made very thick to prevent burning out, and to maintain an inexhaustible fund of heat, so that the quantity of water required at every stroke of the piston shall not cool it down below 400 degrees of heat for high steam; it may be as high as 600, or as low as 212, but the power of the engine will vary in proportion.

There are two generators required to constitute one engine; they stand vertically in an iron frame, resting upon a brick foundation, with the feet thereof so arranged in the fire as to become equally heated. The heat from the furnace below is made to pass through the internal cylinders, and around the external cylinders, heating both surfaces to a high degree.

On the top of these tubes sits the injection valves, so constructed as to measure the water at every stroke of the piston, according to the velocity of the engine, i. e. if she runs fast, less water is injected; if slowly, more is injected. This forms a complete governor, and regulates the speed. The water, when so injected, is immediately closed in the charger, by an action of the valve which can never fail if well built; this is by the intense heat of the foot driven immediately into the thin space between the two cylinders forming the heated surface, where it is instantaneously converted into steam.

Near the top of these generators are two tubes, standing out from the furnace at right angles, upon these are bolted fast the working cylinders, in a horizontal position, to which is attached the machinery, as in the ordinary engine by double crank. The steam enters the working cylinder at this point through the tubes, driving the piston out, and escapes, leaving nothing behind to cause an explosion or the least danger.

Now let us examine this principle in a philosophical manner; much has been said about it; and various are the opinions based upon sound scientific principles, and perfectly practicable; it is an invention of great magnitude, and should be examined without prejudice. That it absolutely runs and quite regularly, keeping up the heat at the same time is not denied. The question then stands it as commendable, and as powerful as the ordinary engine, if so, *Ericsson* may quit, and the Queen City has beaten New York.

The inventor to prove this fact, demonstrates the principle of the old engine times: For example, he shows that there must be as much water injected into the boiler, as is evaporated into steam, and passed off through the working cylinder. By this, he shows that if that water was converted into steam without a boiler, instantaneously, and compelled to force its existence into the cylinder by the departure of the piston, the powers would be the same, and much greater if the space or vacuum for the steam to form its existence but in the working cylinder.

Now this is perfectly consistent with the laws of nature and is sound reason. The water is measured at every stroke of the piston by an equal pressure, by its specific gravity and according to the time. The valve

is opened and closed by the velocity of the engine which governs the amount of heat. The valve and the aperture through which the water passes, he states, must agree with the generators in their amount of heat and the cubical contents of the working cylinders. For example, if the working cylinder contains one cubical foot, there must be one cubical inch of water injected, and the generators must correspond to the amount of heat required. This he states can only be done by experiments; which he is now making. The fuel required he confidently believes will not be more than one-half as in the ordinary manner. This engine he says will not occupy more than one-half the space of the present engine. This, together with perfect safety, must be a great desideratum.

If gentlemen interested in such subjects, particularly those connected with the press, examine the model machine and see how it works, it will, we are well assured, afford Mr. Tappell great pleasure to exhibit the model, put it in motion and explain its principles. He has full and entire confidence in its success.

From the N. Y. Musical World and Times.
A Visit to Barnum's Museum.

It is possible that every stranger who may suppose, as I did, on first approaching Barnum's Museum, that the greater part of its curiosities are on the outside, and have some fears that its internal will not equal its external appearance. But, after crossing the threshold, he will soon discover his mistake. The first idea suggested will perhaps be that the view, from the windows, of the motley, moving throng in Broadway—the rattling thundering carts, carriages and omnibuses—the confluence of the vehicular and human tides which from so many quarters come pouring past the Museum—is, to (to adopt the language of advertisements,) "worth double the price of admission."

The visitor's attention will unquestionably be next arrested by the "Bearded Lady of Switzerland"—one of the most curious curiosities ever presented. A card, placed in pleasant juxtaposition to the "lady," conveys the gratifying intelligence that "Visitors are allowed to touch the beard." Not a man in the throng lifts an investigating finger! Your penetration, Madame Clodfaldt, does you infinite credit. You knew, well enough, that your permission would be just as good as a hand-cuff to every pair of masculine wrists in the company. For my own part, I should not wonder if you had your beard, than with Mons. Clodfaldt. I see no femininity in it.—Its shoe-brush aspect puts me on my decorum. I am glad you raised it, however, just to show Barnum that there is something "new under the sun," and to convince men in general that a woman can accomplish anything she undertakes.

I have not come to New York to stifle my inquisitiveness. How did you raise that beard? Who shaves first in the morning? you or your husband? Do you use the Woman's Rights razor? Which of you does the strap ping? How does your baby know you from its father? What do you think of its smooth-faced sisters? Do you (between you and me) prefer to patronize dressmakers or tailors? Do you sing tenor or alto? Are you master or mistress of your husband's affections?—Well; at all events, it has been something in your neutral pocket to have "tarnished at Jerico till your beard was grown."

—What have we here? Canova's Venus. She is exquisitely beautiful, standing there in her sculptured graces; but where's the Apollo? Ah, here's a sleeping Cupid, which is better. Miscellaneous little imp! I'm off before you wake!—Come we now to a petrification of a horse and his rider, crushed in the prehensile embrace of a monstrous serpent, found in a cave where it must have lain for ages, and upon which one's imagination might pleasantly dwell for hours.—Then, here are deputations from China—don, in the shape of Mandarins, ladies of quality, servants, priests, &c., with their chalky complexions, huckle-berry eyes and shaven polls. Here, also, is a Chinese criminal, packed into a barrel with a hole in the lid, from which his head protrudes, and two at the side from whence his helpless paws depend. Poor Min Yung, you ought to reflect on the error of your ways—though, I confess, you've not much chance to room-in-ate.

Here are snakes, insects and reptiles of every description, corked down and pinned up, as all such gentry should be,—most of 'em, I perceive, labeled in the masculine gender! Then there's a "bear," the thought of whose hug makes me utter an involuntary *pater noster* and cling closer to the arm of my guide. I tell you what, old Bruin, as I hope to travel, I trust you've left none of your cub behind.

—Here is a group of Sultane chiefs, and in their midst Lord Byron, with his shirt upside down;—and here is the veritable carriage that little queen Victoria used to ride in, before the crown of royalty fretted her fair girlish temples. Poor little embryo queen! How many times since, do you suppose, she has longed to step out of those jewelled robes, drop the burdensome state imposed and throw her weary limbs, with a child's careless abandon, on those silken cushions, free to laugh or cry, to sing or sigh.

—Then, here is a collection of stuffed birds, whose rainbow plumage has darted through clustering foliage, fostered in other latitudes than ours. Newly every species of beings that crawl, or fly, or walk, or swim, is here represented. And what hideous monsters some of them are! A "pretty kettle of fish" some of the representatives of the finny tribe would make! I once thought I would like to be buried in the ocean, but I had discarded that idea before I had been in the Museum an hour. I should not want such a "sandy set" of creatures swimming in the same pond with me.

I had nearly forgotten the "Happy Family." Here are animals and birds which are the natural prey of each other, living together in such pleasant harmony as would make a quarrelsome person blush to look upon. A sleek rat, probably overcome by the oppressive weather, was gently dozing—a cat's neck supporting his sleepy head in a most pillow-like manner. Mutual vows of friendship had evidently been exchanged and ratified by these natural enemies. I have not time to mention in detail the many striking instances of fraternization among creatures which have been considered each other's irreconcilable foes. Suffice it to say, that Barnum and Noah are the only men on record who have brought about such a state of harmonious antagonism, and that Barnum is the only man who has ever made money by the operation.

FANNY FERN.

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April 7, 1853.

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there are few places we could recommend with
greater confidence."

Address, Dr. S. Freese, Deardoff's Mills
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February 19, 1853.

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Females who have been confined to their beds,
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years, in consequence of nervous, spinal, or
uterine disease, are especially invited to cor-
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us confidence, and we say to all such, even
though they have suffered much of many phy-
sicians, make one more trial. Terms from \$6
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packing materials. Address,

W. W. BANCROFT,
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AND FANCY SHAWLS, which will be sold
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Also, an assortment of Free Labor Goods.
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May 19, 1853.

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May 12th, 1853.

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Also, a large assortment of Tailors' Trimmings
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and Marcelline Vestings, Handkerchiefs, Cra-
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We think in this department of our business
we can present great inducements to buyers, as
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We invite the attention of all close buyers to
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From the celebrated manufacturers of F.
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A good assortment at low figures.

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